

# HEALTH, WEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

## And a Home For Twenty-five Dollars in The Sunny South.

One chance in a life time—never before have you and never again will you have the chance. Improve it now that you have the opportunity! A home in the Sunny South that cannot be surpassed; the most attractive location, with all the natural advantages nature has bestowed upon this earth. Northton has it! If you want all profit, without any risk, act at once, for it will not last long. We expect that this entire stock will be taken within four weeks from date first subscription is made.

### DESCRIPTION OF NORTHTON.

Northton lies along the banks of the James river, and has a frontage of about two miles. This tract extends back from the river nearly due north about two and one-half miles. The Chesapeake and Ohio R.R. runs through this tract within one and one-half miles from the river. It has a gradual slope from the farther end of the tract down to the river, so that when all the land is cleared, the river is in plain view from all points. It has a beautiful sandy beach along its entire front. The banks are from 25 to 40 feet high. About 700 acres along the river front are cleared, and the soil is considered the finest trucking soil in the State, the soil being of a dark sandy loam, with a clay subsoil—the loam is from 12 to 16 inches in depth. The land lies slightly rolling, and has a natural drainage. About 2,200 acres are now in timber, and it is estimated that about 2,000,000 feet of pine lumber can now be cut off this tract, besides a million feet of hard-wood timber, such as oak, hickory, poplar, etc. About one mile back from the river is an old grist-mill that furnished flour and corn meal for Washington's army. The mill was run by water-power, and for this purpose a dam was raised across Mill Creek, and forms a beautiful lake or pond, containing twenty-five acres, more or less. The pond is stocked with the finest of fish, including black bass and freckle perch—a paradise for sportsmen in fishing season. Around this lake a beautiful summer resort could be made, as the banks are set in with fine hard-wood timber, such as beech, their trunks as white as snow; hickory, oak, maple and holly. Many of these trees have names cut in them by the Federal soldiers. This pond will also be useful as a water supply for the new colony, as it is all pure spring water.

### POINTS AND ADVANTAGES.

The Peninsula has but a few points

where nature has provided natural town sites, and where shipping and traffic can be carried on both by rail and water. Northton has both of these advantages—the same waterways and railroads that Newport News has. The depth of water at the end of their wharf being 18 feet at low tide; by going out a trifle farther you can get 24 feet.

Ever since man existed he has had a natural impulse to find himself a natural home, where life can be made enjoyable and agreeable; also, where they can find a healthful location. In order to find such a home pure water must be obtained; a high and dry elevation, and where the soil responds naturally to vegetation. It is always desirable to live near beautiful rivers. What is more desirable than to take a walk along a nice, clean river beach? Northton has all these luxuries; any one can make the sweetest home on earth; pure artesian water can be had by boring 250 feet deep. Many fine springs are bubbling in many places on this beautiful tract year in and year out, and pure well water can be had from 25 to 40 feet. With little trouble a beautiful lawn of green grass can be had the year round; the soil here is naturally for grass. The lots are large enough for any person to raise their own fruits and vegetables. Any one can reach any part of the globe from this point by rail or water.

### PLEASURE RESORT.

This company proposes to reserve from 50 to 100 acres for a pleasure resort. There is nothing that the Newport News people need more than a place where they can go to spend a day, week or a month for enjoyment and drink in nature's beauty. Nature has done everything for Northton. She has a fine hard-wood forest, a rolling landscape, pure crystal springs bubbling from many places, a high elevation, a rich soil, and an attractive lake full of fine fish. The company will make this as attractive as it can be made with human skill and labor. No pains shall be spared to make this the home of the invalid and for recuperating the system that has been broken down with tedious labor or disease. A fine hotel will be built and furnished the best accommodations.

### FACTORIES WANTED, AND WHAT WE WILL DO FOR THEM.

We will give any factory or industry that will employ twenty-five skilled laborers a free site, and aid in constructing their buildings. We want a furniture factory, barrel stove, heading, canning, box factory, wagon and buggy works, saw, planing, sash, door and blind factory; brick yard, pottery and terra-cotta works; tile and sewer-pipe works, handle, basket, broom, and agricultural tool factories, boat and ship-yard, spoke and hub factory; bedding works, bucket, match, toothpick and hoop factory, mattress and bed-spring factory, and many other industries too numerous to mention.

We have the material right at our doors for all such factories. We can reach the entire globe from this point. Our climate is fine and invigorating, as well as healthful. (The saw-mill, brick-yard, and mattress factory have already been spoken for.)

Northton has the best natural town site in the United States. Hundreds of cities have been built along treacherous rivers that are swept by great floods every year, caused by ice-gorges etc. Thousands and tens of thousands of dollars' worth of property are destroyed without a moment's warning, and often many lives are lost. Northton is safe from any of the above dangers—no floods can reach her, as the banks are from 25 to 40 feet above high tide. She has her own material to build the finest structures, and enough to spare to help build other cities. Come and build in Northton.

Here is where the company will stand when all stock is subscribed and paid up as we are now offering. After each stockholder receives a warrant, deed for whatever lot he has selected, he has an interest in a cash balance of at least \$20,000. The company will have this on hand after they have paid for the entire property. They can use it as an improvement fund, and build factories or to help others in starting. They will still have land enough to make at least 6,000 more lots. They will have an interest in 3,000,000 feet of lumber and from 10,000 to 20,000 cords of wood, which will do for home purposes. All this can be paid for by paying \$25 to become a stockholder or a member of this company, and in a few years \$25 will make you rich—help you to get a beautiful home, a chance that you never will have again in your life time. All you will have to do is to simply pay \$25 cash. Any man or woman who gets \$1.50 per day can pay their board and save up this amount in that time, and become a stockholder and a member of this company. We guarantee employment for many hands as soon as this stock is taken and the company fully organized, and adopts their plans.

### COST OF LUMBER TO STOCKHOLDERS.

Cost of building material to stockholders will be 35 per cent. cheaper than to outsiders. Remember, we intend to make this the manufacturing center of the coming South. Our shipping facilities are as good as a Newport News. Vessels can be loaded at our wharf and cross the briny ocean. Remember, free wharfage for three years, at least. This is a big thing for shippers. The above price for building material will last only for the first six months after the stock is fully taken. Any one wishing stock can obtain the same at 225 Twenty-eighth street (up-stairs).

JOHN DAHN, President;  
J. A. WENTWORTH, Treasurer;  
M. L. DARN, Secretary.  
All communications must be sent to the president.

## Prospectus of The NORTHTON IMPROVEMENT & DEVELOPMENT CO.

It is proposed to organize a corporation under the name of "The Northton Improvement and Development Company" for the purpose of purchasing the real estate situated in James City County, Va., known as "King's Mill," containing about twenty-nine hundred acres of land.

It is further proposed to raise Seventy-five thousand (\$75,000) dollars, by the sale of three thousand shares of the capital stock of said company at Twenty-five (\$25.00) Dollars per share. Of this Fifty Thousand (\$50,000) Dollars is to be used in paying for the land and the balance for the development of the company's land and the expense of selling the said stock (the said expense in no case to exceed \$5,000).

To each subscriber of one share of stock will be allowed the privilege and right to demand of and receive from said company, a deed with general warranty for a lot of the value of Twenty-five (\$25.00) Dollars, according to the printed price-list of said company's lots, dated the 1st day of January, 1899.

According to the printed price-list of said company's lots, dated the 1st day of January, 1899; and to each subscriber of two shares of said stock, the privilege and right to demand of and receive from said company, a deed with general warranty, for a lot of the value of Fifty (\$50.00) Dollars or two lots of the value of Twenty-five Dollars (\$25.00) each, according to the said company's printed price-list, dated the 1st day of January, 1899.

About six hundred acres of said land has been laid out in lots and blocks as a town site, and about two thirds of the same will be disposed of in the sale of the said stock upon terms above set forth; the balance of the land will remain the property of the company, in which each stockholder will own his proportionate interest, to be disposed of as may be directed by the said company.

### ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

Upon the terms above set forth, I hereby subscribe to Shares of the capital stock of the proposed Northton Improvement and Development Company and apply for and agree to purchase lot number . . . . . in block number . . . . . and lot number . . . . . in block number . . . . . as shown on the said company's map, made by . . . . . C. E. . . . . and dated on the . . . . . day of . . . . . 1899; the deed for the same to be delivered to me on or before the . . . . . day of . . . . . 1899, in consideration of which I promise to pay to . . . . . Treasurer of said proposed company, . . . . . Dollars, on or before the . . . . . day of . . . . . 1899, the same to be deposited in the . . . . . Bank of . . . . . Virginia, to the credit of . . . . . Treasurer, and held in trust by said Treasurer for me in said bank until Fifty Thousand (\$50,000.00) Dollars of said stock shall be subscribed, and should the said Fifty Thousand (\$50,000.00) Dollars of said stock be not subscribed on or before June . . . . . 1899, then the said sum of . . . . . (\$ . . . . .) Dollars so paid by me to be refunded and this application or agreement to be null and void.

My said subscription and application are made solely and only upon the representation and conditions contained in the above prospectus.  
Given under my hand this . . . . . day of . . . . . 1899.

## ON THE CITY STREETS

### The Contrasts of Splendor and Woe Seen Upon Them.

Dr. Talmage Says They Are Unlike the Democratic Gospel of Christ—Their Shams, Pretensions and Temptations.

(Washington, March 16. Copyright, 1899.) In this discourse Dr. Talmage, who has lived the most of his life in cities, draws practical lessons from his own observation; text, Proverbs 1:20: "Wisdom crieth without. She uttereth her voice in the streets."

We are all ready to listen to the voices of nature—the voices of the mountain, the voices of the sea, the voices of the storm, the voices of the star. As in some of the cathedrals in Europe there is an organ at either end of the building, and the one instrument responds musically to the other, so in the great cathedral of nature day responds to day, and night to night, and flower to flower, and star to star in the great harmonies of the universe. The springtime is an evangelist in blossoms preaching of God's love, and the winter is a prophet—white-bearded—denouncing woe against our sins. We are all ready to listen to the voices of nature. But how few of us learn anything from the voices of the noisy and dusty street. You go to your mechanism, and to your work, and to your merchandise, and you come back again—and often with how different a heart you pass through the streets. Are there no things for us to learn from these pavements over which we pass? Are there no truths growing up between these cobblestones, beaten with the feet of toil and pain and pleasure, the slow tread of old age and the quick step of childhood? Aye, there are great harvests to be reaped, and now I thrust in the sickle because the harvest is ripe. "Wisdom crieth without. She uttereth her voice in the streets."

In the first place, the street impresses me with the fact that this life is a scene of toil and struggle. By ten o'clock every day the city is jarring with wheels and shuffling with feet and humming with voices and covered with the breath of smokestacks and a-rush with traffickers. Once in awhile you find a man going along with folded arms and with leisurely step, as though he had nothing to do, but, for the most part, as you find men going down these streets on the way to business, there is anxiety on their faces, as though they had some errand which must be executed at the first possible moment. You are jostled by those who have bargains to make and notes to sell. Up this ladder with a load of bricks, out of this block with a roll of bills, on this dory with a load of goods, digging a cellar, or shingling a roof, or shoeing a horse, or building a wall, or mending a watch, or binding a book. Industry, with her thousand arms and thousand eyes and thousand feet, goes on singing her song of work, work, work, while the mills drum it and the steam whistles life it. All this is not because men live to toil. Some one remarked: "Every man is as lazy as he can afford to be." But it is because necessity with stern brow and with uplifted whip stands over you, ready whenever you relax your toil to make your shoulders sting with the lash.

Can it be that passing up and down these streets on your way to work and business you do not learn anything of the world's toil and anxiety and struggle? Oh, how many drooping heads, how many eyes on the watch, how many miles traveled, how many burdens carried, how many losses suffered, how many battles fought, how many victories gained, how many exasperations endured—what losses, what hunger, what wretchedness, what pain, what disease, what agony, what despair! Sometimes I have stopped at the corner of the street as the multitudes went hither and yon, and it has seemed to be a great pantomime, and I looked upon it my heart broke. This great tide of human life that goes down the street is a rapid tossed and driven back—beautiful in its confusion and confused in its beauty. In the carpeted aisles of the forest, in the woods from which the eternal shadow is never lifted, on the shore of the sea over whose iron coast tomes the tangled foam sprinkling the cracked cliffs with a baptism of whirlwind and tempest, is the best place to study God, but in the rushing, swarming, raving street is the best place to study man.

Going down to your place of business and coming home again I charge you to look about—see these signs of poverty, of wretchedness, of hunger, of sin, of bereavement—and as you go through the streets and come back through the streets, gather up in the arms of your prayer all the sorrow, all the losses, all the sufferings, all the bereavements of those whom you pass and present them in prayer before an all-sympathetic God. In the great day of eternity there will be thousands of persons with whom you in this world never exchanged one word who will rise up and call you blessed, and there will be a thousand fingers pointed at you in Heaven, saying: "That is the man, that is the woman, who helped me when I was hungry and sick and wandering and lost and heartbroken. That is the man, that is the woman." And the blessing will come down upon you as Christ shall say: "I was hungry, and ye fed me; I was naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me. Inasmuch as ye did it to these poor wretches of the street, ye did it to me."

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that all classes and conditions of society must now mingle. We sometimes culture a wicked exclusiveness. Intellect despises ignorance. Refinement will have nothing to do with boorishness. Glove-hate the sunburned hand, and the high forehead despises the flat head, and the trim bedgework will have nothing to do with the wild eopwood, and Athens hates Nazareth. This ought not so to be. The astronomer must come down from his starry revelry and help us in our navigation. The surgeon must come away from his study of the human organism and set our broken bones. The chemist must come away from his laboratory, where he has been studying analysis and synthesis, and help us to understand the nature of the soil. I bless God that all classes of people are compelled to meet on the street. The glittering coach wheel clashes against the scavenger's cart. Fine robes run against the peddler's pack. Robust health meets with sickness. Honesty confronts fraud. Every class of people meets every other class. Impudence and modesty, pride and humility, purity and beastliness, frankness and hypocrisy, meeting on the same block, in the same street, in the same city. Oh, that is what Solomon meant when he said: "The rich and the poor meet together. The Lord is the Maker of them all."

I like this democratic principle of the gospel of Jesus Christ which recognizes the fact that we stand before God on one and the same platform. Do not take on any airs, whatever position you have gained in society; you are nothing but man, born of the same parent, regenerated by the same Spirit, cleansed in the same blood, to lie down in the same dust, to get up in the same resurrection. It is high time that we all acknowledge not only the Fatherhood of God, but the brotherhood of man.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that it is a very hard thing for a man to keep his heart right and to get to Heaven. Infinite temptations spring upon us from these places of public concourse. Amid such affluence, how much temptation to covetousness and to be discontented with our humble lot! Amid so many opportunities for overreaching, what temptation to extortion! Amid so much display, what temptation to vanity! Amid so many saloons of strong drink, what temptation to dissipation! In the madroom and hell gates of the street, how many make quick and eternal shipwreck! If a man-of-war comes back from a battle and is towed into the navy yard, we go down to look at the splintered spars and count the bullet holes and look with patriotic admiration on the flag that fluted in victory from the masthead. But that man is more of a curiosity who has gone through 30 years of the sharpshootings of business life and yet sails on, victor over the temptations of the street. Oh, how many have gone down under the pressure, leaving not so much as the patch of canvas to tell where they perished! They never had any peace. Their dishonesties kept tolling in their ears. If I had an ax and could split open the beams of that fine house, perhaps I would find in the very heart of it a skeleton. In his very best wine there is a smack of poor man's sweat. Oh, is it strange that when a man has devoured widows' houses he is disturbed with indignation? All the forces of nature are against him. The floods are ready to drown him and the earthquake to swallow him and the fires to consume him and the lightnings to smite him. But the children of God are an every street, and in the day when the crowns of Heaven are distributed some of the brightest of them will be given to those men who were faithful to God and faithful to the souls of others amid the marts of business, proving themselves the heroes of the street. Mighty were their temptations, mighty was their deliverance, and mighty shall be their triumph.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that life is full of pretension and sham. What subtlety, what double dealing, what two-facedness! Do all people who wish you good morning really hope for you a happy day? Do all people who shake hands love each other? Are all these anxious about your health who inquire concerning it? Do all want to see you who ask you to call? Does all the world know half as much as it pretends to know? Is there not many a wretched stock of goods with a brilliant show window? Passing up and down the streets to your business and your work, are you not impressed with the fact that society is hollow and that there are subtleties and pretensions? Oh, how many there are who swagger and strut and how few people who are natural and walk! While fops sip and fools chuckle and simpletons giggle, how few people are natural and laugh! The courtesan and the libertine go down the street in beautiful apparel, while within the heart there are volcanoes of passion consuming their life away. I say these things not to create in you incredulity or misanthropy, nor do I forget there are thousands of people a great deal better than they seem, but I do not think any man is prepared for the conflict of this life until he knows this particular peril. Ehud comes pretending to pay his tax to King Eglon, and while he stands in front of the king stabs him through with a dagger until the haft went in after the blade. Judas Iscariot kissed Christ.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that it is a great field for Christian charity. There are hunger and suffering and want and wretchedness in the country, but these evils chiefly congregate in our great cities. On every street crime prowls and drunkenness staggers and shame winks and pauperism thrusts out its hand asking for alms. Here want is most squelid and hunger is most lean. A Christian man going along a street in New York saw a poor lad, and he stooped and said: "My boy, do you know how to read and write?" The boy made no answer. The man asked

he question twice and thrice: "Can you read and write?" and then the boy answered with a tear plashing on the back of his hand. He said, in defiance: "No, sir; I can't read nor write neither. God, sir, don't want me to read and write. Didn't He take away father so long ago I never remember to have seen him; and haven't I had to go along the streets to get something to fetch home to eat for the folks, and didn't I, as soon as I could carry a basket, have to go out and pick up cinders and never have no schooling, sir? God don't want me to read, sir, I can't read nor write neither." Oh, these poor wanderers! They have no chance. Born in degradation, as they get up from their hands and knees to walk, they take their first step on the road to despair. Let us go forth in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ to rescue them. Let us ministers not be afraid of soiling our black clothes while we go down on that mission. While we are tying an elaborate knot in our cravat or while we are in the study rounding off some period rhetorically we might be saving a soul from death and hiding a multitude of sins. Oh, Christian laymen, go out on this work. If you are not willing to go forth yourself, then give of your means, and if you are too stingy to help, then get out of the way and hide yourself in the dens and caves of the earth, lest when Christ's chariot comes along the horses' hoofs trample you into the mire. Beware lest the thousands of the destitute of your city, in the last great day, rise up and curse your stupidity and your neglect. Down to work! Lift them up!

One cold winter's day, as a Christian man was going along the Battery in New York, he saw a little girl seated at the gate, shivering in the cold. He said to her: "My child, what do you sit there for this cold day?" "Oh," she replied, "I am waiting—I am waiting for somebody to come and take care of me." "Why," said the man, "what makes you think anybody will come and take care of you?" "Oh," she said, "my mother died last week, and I was crying very much, and she said: 'Don't cry, dear. Though I am gone and your father is gone, the Lord will send somebody to take care of you.' My mother never told a lie. She said some one would come and take care of me, and I am waiting for them to come." Oh, yes, they are waiting for you. Men who have money, men who have influence, men of churches, men of great hearts, gather them in, gather them in. It is not the will of your Heavenly Father that one of these little ones should perish.

Lastly, the street impresses me with the fact that all the people are looking forward. I see expectancy written on almost every face I meet. Where you find a thousand people walking straight on, you only find one man stopping and looking back. The fact is, God made us all to look ahead, because we are immortal. In this tramp of the multitude on the street I hear the tramp of a great host marching and marching for eternity. Beyond the office, the store, the shop, the street, there is a world, populous and tremendous. Through God's grace, may you reach that blessed place. A great throng fills those boulevards, and the streets are a-rush with the chariots of conquerors. The inhabitants go up and down, but they never weep and they never toll. A river flows through the city, with rounded and luxurious banks, and the trees of life laden with everlasting fruitage, bend their branches into the crystal.

No plumed hearse rattles over that pavement, for they are never sick. With immortal health glowing in every vein, they know not how to die. Those towers of strength, those palaces of beauty, gleam in the light of a sun that never sets. Oh, Heaven, beautiful Heaven! Heaven, where our friends are! They take no census in that city, for it is inhabited by "a multitude which no man can number." Rank above rank. Host above host. Gallery above gallery sweeping all around the heavens. Thousands of thousands, millions of millions. Blessed are they who enter in through the gate into that city. Oh, start for it to-day! Through the blood of the great sacrifice of the Son of God take up your march to Heaven. "The Spirit and the bride say, Come, and whoever will let him come and take the water of life freely." Join this great throng marching Heavenward. All the doors of invitation are open. "And I saw twelve gates, and the twelve gates were twelve pearls."

### WHERE THE DIFFICULTY LIES.

Aunt Patience used to tell me, in my youthful days gone by, That when a fellow suffered he had better laugh than cry. There wouldn't be no sympathy expressed if you were sad. But the world would pat the shoulder of a fellow who was glad. A motto, "Grit and bear it," she took pains to teach to me, And cautioned me to heed it, didn't matter where I be. So I've followed to the maxims, and I've found when tried like sin, It isn't hard to bear it, but it's mighty hard to grin. You find that fame's elusive and that trouble seems to chase The fellow who's a gorgin' in life's quite uneven race. The way to fortune's rough to tread for tired, aching feet: An' there's obstacles of envy, hills of worry and deceit. But still you lift your burdens and you try to do what's right: You strive with all your strength to win a feather in the fight; And then, when all is over, and you find you didn't win, It isn't hard to bear it, but it's mighty hard to grin. And so I'm testifyin' to the motto's wondrous truth, To follow it takes metal in the aged or the youth. A fellow soon gets used in life to disappointment's sting, And after while gets calloused so he'll bear most anything: But that ain't all the motto, for the difficulty's where It tells you to "look pleasant," sorter like you didn't care; To look like you was happy when in trouble to your chin— It isn't hard to bear it, but it's mighty hard to grin. —Roy Farrall Greene, in *Mildred Magazine*.